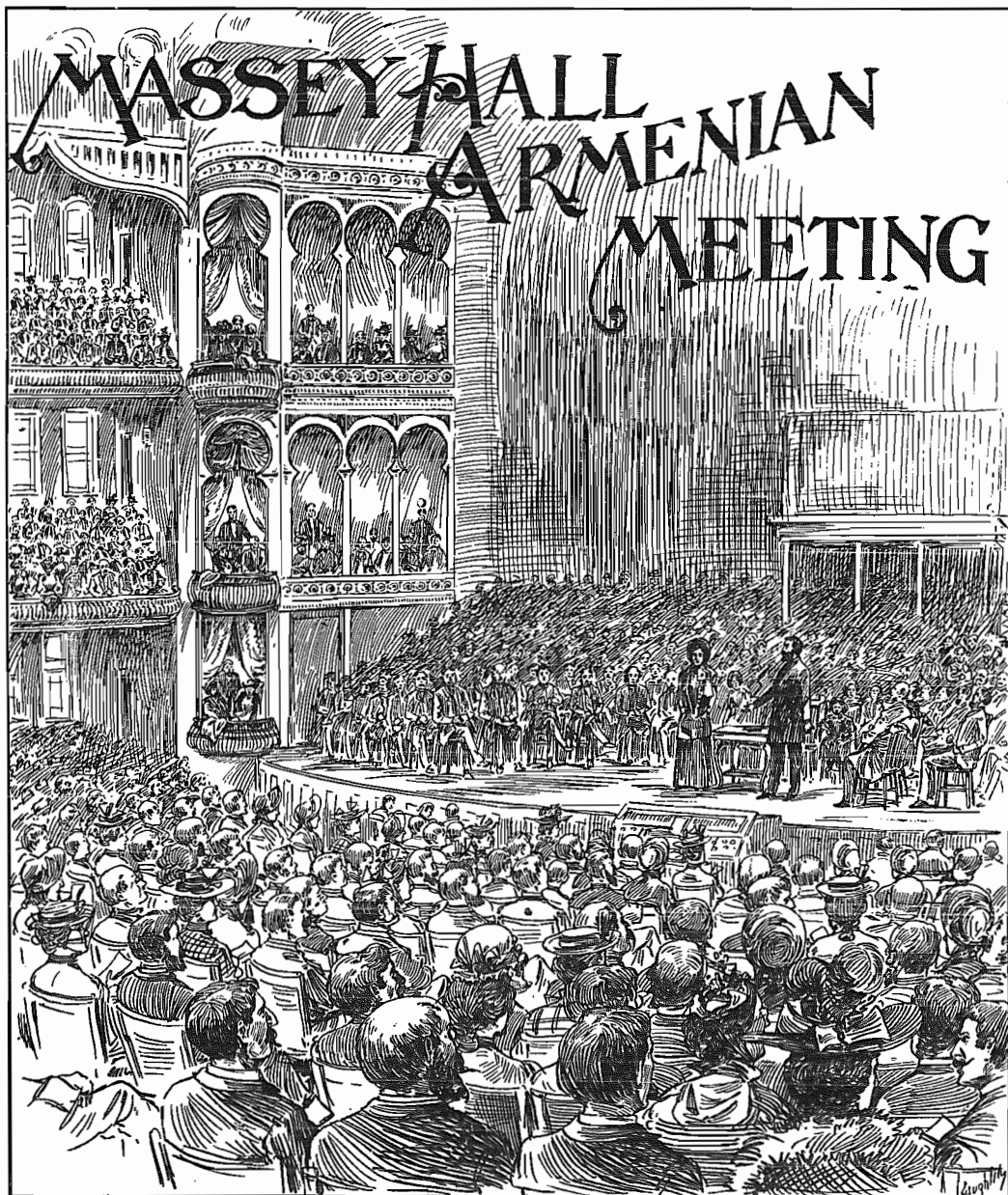


# THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL  
GAZETTE  
OF THE  
SALVATION  
ARMY IN  
NORTH  
WESTERN  
AMERICA

VOL. II. No. 33. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, JAN. 30, 1897 [EVANGELINE BOOTH, Commissioner for North-Western America.] PRICE 5 CENTS.



NEARLY FIVE THOUSAND CITIZENS OF TORONTO ATTEND THE MEETING.

HIS WORSHIP THE MAYOR: "I will now call upon Miss Booth to address the meeting."



*I have seen the guilty prosper, and the wicked win renown,  
I have seen the rich oppressor crush the poor man deeply down,  
I have seen the widow tremble at a heartless landlord's frown,  
But our God is marching on.*

*I have seen the healthy fading for the lack of food and care,  
And the city toiler sick for want of rest and air,  
I have seen the gorgeous follies of the pampered millionaire,  
But our God is marching on.*

## Sham Compassion

AND

### THE DYING LOVE OF CHRIST.

BY THE LATE MRS. GENERAL  
BOOTH—(Concluded).

What! could it be Christ who talked about a man in fire, a man crying for a drop of water, and denied even this small boon? Could it be Christ who talked about torment, and showed this vision of despair; the tender, loving, merciful Christ? Ah, he showed it, because He saw it; because this was the real danger, from which He had come to deliver! Because He knew that the sick beggar, covered with unhealed wounds, and with scarce an alleviating circumstance to ease his sufferings, might have the eternal compensation which should make his earthly troubles seem like a dream, if only his soul was right, if only he was "rich towards God." Christ showed this, because it was the only thing which no one else saw. The human needs of men were apparent enough to many benevolent people in His day, including the rich giver who was going to hell, but the crying soul needs, which had brought him out of Heaven, the hopeless woe to which even the rich and happy were drifting—the undying worm, the quivering fire, were the visions of sorrow which He only saw, and which His tenderest compassion betrayed itself in seeking to relieve. "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his own soul?" may be taken as indicating the foundation principle of His entire scheme of redemption.

SECOND: CHRIST'S COMPASSION IS DISTINGUISHED FROM ALL OTHER COMPASSIONS BY ITS PLAIN, CUTTING, PERSONAL DEALING.

"He would eat with sinners," talk familiarly and tenderly with the worst of the world, and lay His hands upon the most lawless men, but He was incapable of dealing lightly with their sin.

Imagine Christ giving an entertainment, and spending the evening in frivolous talk, in order that He might humor sinners and attract them to himself! Imagine Him allowing the opportunity of being straight to them about their sins, the interests of their souls, and the claims of His Father's law. The young ruler came to Him, and he is so lovable, so moral, so good, might he not have been allowed to join the little band of disciples, and to have gained light gradually? "I'm kicking you things," he pronounced all the more clearly because "He loved him." "Sell that thou hast, and follow Me" rang out all the more distinctly because He could offer treasures for the soul.

The compassion of Jesus was not of the maudlin kind which leaves men their "little indulgences," and shrinks from

being "too hard" on them, where hardness is the indispensable condition of salvation. "If thy right hand offend thee, pluck it out." He mercilessly prescribes; better, He decides, be maimed and suffering here, than be cast into "eternal fire."

As to the religious ideas of His day. He walked straight across them with a

*I have heard the sound of weeping where the children cry for bread,  
And seen the parents creeping cold and supperless to bed;  
But a time is coming, brothers, when the poorest shall be fed,  
For our God is marching on.*

*Oh, luxury is pleasant for the few who feel its spell,  
But sloth and wanton wastefulness are paths that lead to hell,  
And the reign of right is coming which shall these ill dispel,  
For our God is marching on.*

cutting "Woe unto you!" Woe! Woe! was the cry with which He met the teachers and Pharisees of His time, provoking their bitterest hate and animosity. "Making clean the outside platter, while within are dead men's bones," was His short description of them and their doings. He upset the nice little fashions which had sprung up around the temple worship with a whip of cords. "Publicans and harlots shall enter the Kingdom before you," He told the grand professors who listened to Him. He inflicted the faithful wounds of a friend, in order that He might awaken them to their danger and lead them to seek the only remedy.

THIRD: CHRIST'S COMPASSION WAS IN DIRECT CONTRAST WITH ALL MERE HUMAN BENEVOLENCE IN ITS "OTHER WORLDLINESS."

No one will dispute that He possessed the power to elevate the masses in a temporal sense, by bestowing on them all those benefits at which modern philanthropy aims. He could have fed them by a miracle every day, as easily as on the two occasions when He multiplied the bread; and who could have lectured on science, or history, or invention, so clearly, so perfectly, as He to whom all knowledge must be as an open book? He could have brought into His services those twelve legions of angels, and taken an earthly kingdom, from which He could have dispensed wealth and property to all around; but He indicated His scheme for elevating and saving the people when He said: "I am the Way"—to another sphere, another realm, not of earthly good, but of Heavenly. When He was asked for the posts of honor in His Kingdom, He made it clear that He was leading to another and higher world through a "baptism" and with a "cup" of suffering and poverty in this.

FOURTH: CHRIST'S COMPASSION, STANDS OUT IN ITS SPIRITUAL FELLOWSHIP.

"The King of kings makes eternal friends of the fishermen." "He did not visit the poor." "He did not clothe their friends," and walk on in His own high path, having His fellowship, His joys, His sorrows apart from them; but He shared His life with them in a holy comradeship. He did not live in the style and companionship of the worldly Pharisee, and occasionally visit Peter, James and John,

and hold meetings for the working classes; no, He lived with them and became education, elevation, salvation, and all to them by His blessed fellowship. "Ye are my friends," said He, and "all things that I have heard of my father, I have made known unto you." His heart had no reserves from these men. John's head could lean on His breast, and Mary could sit at His feet, with the consciousness that they were taken into His confidence, and were indeed as brethren.

That they could not always understand Him was their fault, not His; but their slowness and dullness never wearied His compassion, nor caused Him to seek friends elsewhere. He called His three disciples to Him when He was about to put forth any wonderful exercise of power. He wanted Peter, James and John, when He was raising the dead, on the mount of transfiguration. He craved for their presence in His last agony, and desired no better provision for His mother, when He hung upon the cross, than the home that one of them could afford.

FIFTH: THE COMPASSION OF JESUS IS YET FURTHER DISTINGUISHED BY ITS DIVINE FAITH, AND HOPE, AND ACTION.

He had faith in the possibilities of these people, which possibilities would not have been very apparent to any other eye. He believed in the transforming power of the Spirit which He could send them. His hope was not chilled by stupidity, or foolishness, or non-comprehension on the part of disciples or outsiders. Mighty compassion must have been that could live thirty years on such terms with such men, and never falter of utter hands. Many a fine scheme of modern benevolence dies and goes out when the people who are to be benefited get to know of it. "Such pretences," "so ungrateful," "so presuming," "so hopeless." But Christ hoped all things, believed all things, until the Peter who was afraid of a man, stood triumphant before the three thousand converts. Christ kept His little band together, although He knew there was a traitor amongst them—the traitor

He called the devil out of those whom they tormented, and then let loose the whole strange flock of ex-harlots, maniacs, and lepers, to His praise, and to the presence of His presence. Christ went up to Calvary undismayed by His perfect knowledge of sinful, perverse, opposing men, to die for the whole ungrateful race. Christ hoped and believed in His own blackest hour for the dying blackguard at His side, and saved him as he hung there. Talk about "eternal hope" is not this the eternal hope which saves to the uttermost now and here?

SIXTH: THE COMPASSION OF JESUS IS FURTHER DISTINGUISHED BY HIS EVER GOING STRAIGHT TO THE ONE END.

The whole work of Christ was aimed at the salvation of men's souls. And this is not the less true because He also benefited their bodies by healing their diseases and sympathizing with their sorrows.

This latter side of His work is much dwelt upon in the day, and yet it was a merely incidental part. If He had come to remove earthly suffering, poverty, oppression, and distress, He would, as I have said, certainly have gone about it in a different way. He would have aimed at riches and position and ease, in order that He might have shrouded them with His power, chosen ones. He would have sought to build up an earthly kingdom, where men should neither hunger nor thirst, nor be sick, nor die; and it would have been a far easier task to found the Kingdom of that new invisible kingdom which we have already tried to describe, where only the spiritual and eternal should be of much importance. In comparison, how much easier to have drawn crowds if He had always given them their dinner, than to hold followers who should enter into the mysterious ineluctable, and the end of Life: "My race be born again!"

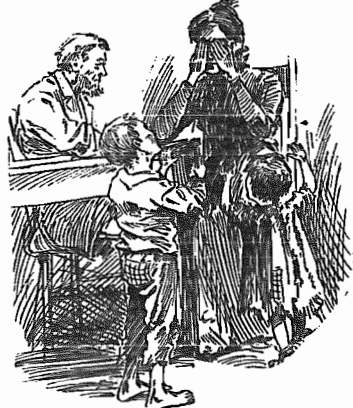
But He did feed the multitudes, and He did heal the sick! Yes, but He gave up the former when He found that they followed Him for that only, and His acts of healing were flashes of the Divine power within Him, rather than the "work given Him to do." "I came to call sinners to repentance," "I am come to set my daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law, and a man's foes shall be those of his own household." "I came to bring fire on earth." "I came not to send peace, but a sword." These sayings, and multitudes of others, were descriptive of a spiritual mission, and yet He was most tender, we readily trace, to every suffering, needy creature who came in contact with Him. His pity was boundless for the lame, the blind, and the deaf, and His loving heart must have grieved over much in the sea of human misery brought before Him, of which we never hear. The truest love must ever seek the highest good of its object, sometimes even with forgetfulness of important lesser advantages. He gave the great rule by which His compassion for men's necessities was guided, when He said, "Seek first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all other things shall be added unto you."

SEVENTH: THE COMPASSION OF JESUS STANDS OUT IN CONTRAST

*Yes, the time is surely coming for all things chaste and choice,  
When the fields shall bloom like gardens and the toiler's heart rejoice,  
And women, men and children shall sing with heart and voice,  
"Our God is marching on."*

*Oh! rich man, in your palace; Oh! poor man, in your cot!  
Give freely of your treasures—repine not at your lot—  
Remember He who ruleth all is One who changeth not,  
And He is marching on.*

—W. J. NICOLS.



WITH ALL OTHER IN ITS DEVOTION  
UNTO DEATH.

He was too merciful to men to spare them the bitter truths of hell, or to conceal from them the punishments due to transgression; but on Himself He had no compassion.

If the penalty was indeed so awful, He would share it. He too would bear the curse, the shame, the agony of dying for sin, so far as could for the sinless One be possible.

How brightly this compassion shines out against that of many who profess so much for the suffering and the lost. Watch the people who talk the most loudly of their tenderness, and will not say one word of the "outer darkness" and the hell fire of which He said so much. Where is there any dying love amongst them? Where are their Calvaries? Are they remarkable for cross-heaviness? Are they noted for self-denial, or is it in word only, and not in deed, that they are more compassionate than Jesus? They do not like to repeat to the poor His terrible words of warning. May it not be because they are unwilling to get toward the poor as He did?

No rough living, no fishermen friends, no hungry, weary days, no homeless nights, no persecution and contempt—above all, no scourge, no crown of thorns, no march up to Golgotha, no nailing to the cross, no agony, no dying for the salvation of men! There can be no other dying love than that which means to live and die for others, you cannot be a true disciple of Jesus Christ, or an eternal benefactor to your race. You may not come to any such tortures as your Master did, for as a rule in outward things the servant is above his Lord, but in some way or another you are doubtless called to know Him in the fullness of His suffering and self-denial, in a road of shame in which you will find yourself completely cut off, alone, from the rest of mankind; but without this, the rest of mankind, the following of Him, do not expect to be able to do any lasting good to those who are perishing around you.

Let no benevolent projects, no magnificent phrases deceive you. The good done to mankind by the poor fishermen who spoke the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, has surpassed all the achievements of modern philanthropy as far as the noonday sun surpasses the rushlight.

If you want to imitate the masses, go and ask Him how to do it, and the answer comes, "Take up thy cross and follow Me." OBEY.

## ON THE TAPS.

Cadet Fawkes, of Montreal, has arrived at the Toronto Garrison.

Ensign Puch has returned from the Old Country.

Lieutenant Baxter, of Jamestown, N. D., is now in Britain.

Pray for Adjutant Hunter, who is laid aside, at Sweet's Corner, N. B.

The Staff Band, with the General Secretary, did a splendid musical meeting at Richmond Street on Wednesday and played on the streets Thursday to announce the Massey Hall meeting.

Major Collier, the North-West Chancellor, recently commissioned twenty-five Local Officers of the Winnipeg Corps. All the Local Officers of the Winnipeg District received their commissions by January 1st.

Staff-Captain Smetton, the Property man, has been to Barric.

Mrs. Major Read left on Monday for her Western tour.

Fire a volley, you Shelter folks, for ENSIGN ED. J. FLETCHER, of the Toronto Lifeboat!

Blenheim has a boy seven years old who sells ten War Crys weekly to regular customers.

"The Causes and Cure of Non-Fishing for Souls," by the General, is unavoidably held over this week.

Ensign Stanton, of Kingston, has been promoted Adjutant.

## GOOD FOR THE PRESS.

The Watch-Night Service conducted by Captain Smith at the Barracks last Thursday night was well attended. This service proved to be the best conducted meeting of its kind ever held in this city. The service was brought to a close with a red-hot prayer-meeting, where seven prisoners were captured. This is the largest number of converts recorded on one meeting for over twenty years.—Newmarket "Advertiser."



F. Turner, Zippinott; Mrs. Johnson, Bowers; Mrs. Grant, Yorkville, and Charles Cranford, Temple, who read messages of love and loyalty to the Field Commissioner at the "At Home" New Year's Day.

## Pars of the Period.

### A Poor Argument.

The English Licensed Victuallers, who are evidently hard up for an argument, have tried to shield themselves by reminding the public that the Armenian atrocities are the work of the disciples of the total abstaining Mahomet; but Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the tireless champion of the Temperance Reform, has replied explaining that these Turks were taught from their youth up to execute these massacres. He said it was part of their religion, and he believed that if the people of England had been taught from their youth up that it was their business to fall upon a certain set of people whenever they saw them and that they would go to Paradise if they did so, they would do it even if they were teetotalers. Being teetotalers did not prevent the Turks doing all this, but, on the other hand, if they were not teetotalers, would they be any better?

### Com Paul's Conversion.

Paul Kruger's conversion is quaintly described in the words of an intimate friend, thus: "One time he had a struggle with religion, and became troubled in spirit. Of a night he gave his wife a few chapters to read of the Bible, and then went suddenly away for some days, never coming home. This was about 1851, when Kruger was thirty-two years old." Some men went out to look for him, and when in the mountains they heard some one sing, but did not take any special notice, and they returned, telling that they had heard somebody sing.



PAUL KRUGER ("Com Paul").  
President of the Transvaal Republic.

"Then came on the idea that it might have been the President, and they went out again, and found him almost dying of hunger and thirst; even to such an extent that they had to take the water away lest he should kill himself by drinking too much at a time.

"When we took him with us," continued the old friend who narrated this story, "he was so weak with hunger, thirst and fatigue, that we could hardly keep him on his horse.

"Ever since then he showed a more special desire for the Bible and religion. He was a changed man altogether. He lived for religion, telling us that the Lord had opened his eyes and showed him everything. His enemies often talked about this sudden change, but he never took any notice. They often made fun of him, but he let everything pass in silence.

"This incident was the turning point in his life."

### The Tobacco Trade.

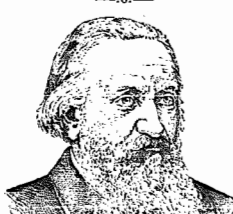
The cultivation of marketable tobacco is increasing in Massachusetts. Refer-

ring to this, the New York Advocate says:

"A number of years ago it came in our way to inquire exactly as to the moral effect of cultivating tobacco in the Connecticut regions, and we found it to be what it generally is everywhere, and what the carrying on of any such business, as the cultivation of hops entirely devoted to the manufacture of beer, is, not contributing directly to immorality, but lowering the moral tone of the community, and diminishing its responsiveness to appeals upon the higher questions of morality and religion. The root of this effect, particularly in the matter of tobacco, is that the Christian man who engages in it cannot feel that his business is a benefit to mankind. The highest opinion he can form of it, and that would not bear very close inspection from an enlightened and sensitive conscience, is that it is not as harmful as many forms of business which would be demanded if that did not exist. On the whole, the family and the individual deteriorate when engaged in a business where the article cultivated, manufactured, or sold is not a positive beneficial quality. And the more clearly a man comes to giving up his entire farm to tobacco or hops, the more obvious becomes the decline of Christian sensitiveness.

### How Lady Somerset Received Her Training as a Speaker.

"The best training I ever had was through speaking in a tent in Wales. I was addressing meetings in one of the coal-mining districts, and as I was travelling from village to village, I made use of a large tent. Those who have tried it must know that a tent is the most difficult of all places for speakers. When I afterwards addressed meetings in great halls or churches, I arranged that my maid should sit in the back row, and when she failed to hear me, that she should lift her handkerchief as a signal. In this way I soon learned to accommodate my voice to almost any building. In America I have addressed audiences of ten and twelve thousand people, and have never had any difficulty in making myself heard. I still feel very nervous before I speak in public. Long experience has made the work any easier, and sometimes the tension before a great meeting makes me almost ill."



The Late SIR B. W. RICHARDSON.  
The great temperance orator.

The late Sir B. W. Richardson, who died last November in London, England, was a true worker for the public weal. In conjunction with a few others of the early hygienists, he was the means of closing the London graveyards, founded the Metropolitan Association for improving the dwellings of the working classes, and secured the cleansing of the premises used for housing British soldiers in England, which at the time were so badly arranged, from a sanitary aspect, that more men died from the effects of the bad drainage than were killed in war. He was also the discoverer of a valuable mode of application of ether spray as a local anesthetic in surgical operations. He also introduced methylene bichloride as a safer than chloroform, and more reliable than ether.

In connection with the deceased physician's researches into the nature of anaesthetics may be mentioned the remarkable system he introduced for putting animals to death painlessly, which for years past has been in use at the Battersea Dogs' Home.

A striking testimony to Dr. Richardson's popularity with scientific men was that which 1000 of them combined to offer him in 1880.

In recognition of his various contributions to science and medicine, they presented him with a microscope by Ross and a thousand guineas.

In the later years of his life, Dr. Richardson urged a crusade against alcohol in every form. For this he was called a fanatic, to which he replied: "I do not think there is anything wonderful in what is called fanaticism in so grand a cause. Fanaticism in its day has done a great deal for mankind. Fanaticism discovered the new world. Fanaticism abolished the slave trade both in England and America. Fanaticism pulled down the feudal strongholds of tyranny. Fanaticism reformed those centres of moral pestilence, the jails of England. Fanaticism abolished the Corn Laws; and if fanaticism could convert England and all other countries it touches from intemperance into sobriety, it would only be continuing its beneficent work."

## A BRAVE SOLDIER GONE.

MOOSEJAW, N. W. T.—It becomes our sad duty to report the death of one of our beloved comrades in the person of Sister Dora Warriner, who for some months has been a faithful follower of the Lamb. For some time she had been weak constitutionally, suffering from hemorrhage and other diseases of the lungs. Deceased was sixteen years of age, and leaves a mother and two brothers to mourn her loss. In February of last year she knelt at the Army penitential-form, and there had the work done in her soul that has lasted through life and which will last throughout the countless ages of eternity. From the time of her conversion she had risen in her experience, and was always, so far as her strength would permit, to be seen toiling for her Master. When the fight was hard and for a few weeks we were without Officers, our departed Comrade was one that cheerfully came forward to help sell the War Cry, etc., and upon many occasions toiled more earnestly than was good for her, physically.

Previous to her death, she had been visited by the Officers and Comrades of the Corps, and was always found with a firm trust in her Master. On the morning of December 29th, after bidding her loved ones good-bye, and with "Take me, Jesus," on her lips, she passed away. On the following day, in accordance with her dying wish, she was given a Salvation Army funeral. The funeral service was conducted by Captain Gibbs and was a time long to be remembered by those present. A Divine Influence was felt throughout the service, and many were led to the love of their souls' welfare. With sorrowing hearts we placed our departed Comrade in the grave. As was said at her funeral service, she had lived and fought as a Soldier, she had died a Soldier, and has now come to receive a Soldier's reward. 'Tis quite cheering and soothing to the bereaved ones to know that this loved one soul finished the good fight of faith and has now been translated as it were from this world of sin and misery to the world of life everlasting.—J. H. Middigh, N. C.

The evil done by the sinner exposes him to more punishment if unpardoned.

Every SIN a soul commits adds a sorrow to the heart of Christ. Sinner, think of this!

SINNERS are continually going to do wrong, going further wrong every day, to fill up a measure, and to be wrong, terribly wrong, for ever.

# MR. GLADSTONE

AT HIS OWN FIRESIDE.

BY GENERAL BOOTH.

Hawarden, December 21st, 1894.

Three o'clock on Monday afternoon, December 21st, had been fixed by Mr. Gladstone for my interview with him at Hawarden Castle, and passing over from Keighley, where I had been holding meetings the previous day, I reached the beautiful park in which Mr. Gladstone's house is situated a few minutes before that time.

As we drove rapidly towards the house I confess to a feeling of deep interest in such of the stumps as I could discover among the fine old trees. They seemed to me just then to be typical of many things, and to be still alive with many lessons of interest.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone met me at the entrance of the Castle—kindness itself, as he always is—and conducted me to the drawing-room. In a few moments Mrs. Gladstone and Mrs. Drew entered, and, our formal introduction over, they made me feel at home in a moment. I was cold shivering, and Mrs. Gladstone saw it. Putting one of those delightful old-fashioned easy chairs—the manufacture of which is a lost art so far as this country is concerned—before the great open fire, she insisted upon my getting a thorough warm, and we were soon talking on many things with the greatest freedom.

In a few moments the door of the adjoining room opened, and in walked Mr. Gladstone, stretching out his hand, greeting me in the warmest manner possible, and putting an end to the little colloquy with the ladies by summoning me forthwith to the library.

I had not before had the opportunity of seeing Mr. Gladstone. Although often desiring to hear him speak, I have always been too much occupied with the absorbing things of my own sphere to feel that I could afford the time for one of those "big nights" at "the House," when friends and foes alike were so often charmed by his wonderful eloquence. Of him as a man of ability, energy, intelligence, learning and high principle, altogether without reference to his political views, I had for years entertained a high esteem. I knew that no man in Great Britain or perhaps in any other nation, had occupied, for the last twenty years, so large a space in the world's

vision; and now here in his own house is the opportunity for the conversation I had so often desired.

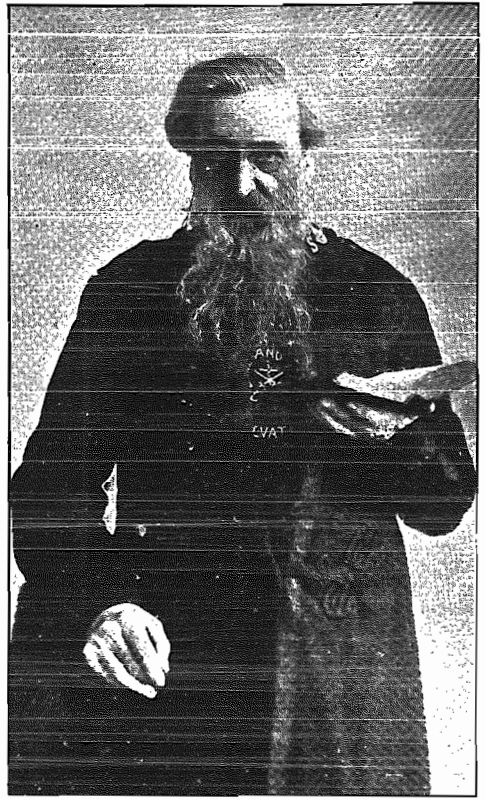
The first warm greeting, followed by the mingled invitation and comment to join him in his study, not only ended my chat with the ladies, but dispelled any little trepidation I might have felt concerning our interview; and, as to the opposition raised by Mrs. Gladstone, in view of the warlike operations only just commenced, Mr. Gladstone quickly settled that question by saying that I should find his room the warmer of the two!

## MR. GLADSTONE'S PORTRAITS.

The art of impressing on paper, by any sort of machinery, a true resemblance of the human face divine has as yet to be discovered. Anyway, it seems to me that photography is usually a misleading affair; often—very often—its products are so much like, and quite as often so very much unlike. Sitting before Mr. Gladstone that afternoon, with every side and angle and corner of that room crowded with the books he loved so well, every lineament of his countenance grew familiar, simply from the recollection of the picture resemblances so common to us all—for perhaps no living man has been so frequently pictured—and yet I very much question whether I should have recognized him had I been placed opposite him as a stranger in a railway compartment. Indeed, I feel sure I should not. The features in the public prints are, as a rule, larger and to my fancy seem to have a hard and masterful look about them—a look which certainly failed to show itself to me for a single moment in the original that afternoon.

On the contrary, while intelligent, expressive, quick and commanding in a high degree, his face appeared equally sympathetic and kindly—so much so as any rate as to make me feel in a few moments as much at home in the library as I had been a few minutes before in the drawing-room.

"I have not been very well for the last week or two," he said, as we walked across the room, "and hence things here are in rather a confused state," which confusion I must confess I saw nothing



THE GENERAL.

As he sometimes appears on the platform at the present time.

of. Then, drawing up opposite the fire an easy chair, similar to the one I had just vacated, he said: "Now can you finish warming yourself," and then passed over, as I supposed, in the direction of the coal-box. I protested that there was abundance of fire for me.

"Yes, yes," he said, throwing a great chunk of wood over the bars of the fine old grate, "but we must do something to keep it going." The next moment he had settled down in a similarly low seat in front of me, and started the conversation by saying:

## THE MILITARISM OF THE ARMY.

"I suppose, in addressing you as General, I use the title to which you are accustomed, and which harmonizes with your own feeling?"

I replied, "Yes," that was the appellation ordinarily given to me, that I thought it correctly signified my position, and that I accepted it for that reason. I explained that I had not sought it and was at the beginning strongly opposed to its use; but that having come to be the head of what was known as an Army, there seemed no alternative but to accept the title which denoted my position.

This led to some observations on both sides as to the use of titles. Mr. Gladstone fully recognizing their value. I remarked that our military nomenclature had been of great service to us, inasmuch as the significance of our titles was understood by the common people without explanation. No matter how poor, untrained, or undisciplined a man might be, he knew the meaning of "captain" when he joined a corps, and that it implied authority and obedience.

"Yes," remarked Mr. Gladstone, "everybody knows the meaning of 'captain.'"

Mr. Gladstone then preferred what seemed to me one of a series of questions which dealt with the very first principles of our organization. "By what methods," he asked, "were we able to maintain the central authority, extending, as it did, to so many distant parts of the world, while allowing that free and energetic local action so necessary to vigorous growth?"

I explained briefly—at least as briefly as I could, for he stepped me at every point all through the conversation where I did not appear intelligible—that each of the various countries in which we were at work constituted a separate territory, under the direct command of an Officer, whom we styled a Commissioner

or Commander; that those territories were again subdivided into provinces and again into divisions and again into corps, each also under the command of an officer.

"But how," he asked, "is the central authority maintained?"

I replied that, for one thing, the commissioners in command of each territory were selected and appointed by me for five years, a term which could be extended or diminished, as circumstances might render desirable in the interests of the whole.

## EACH COUNTRY EVANGELIZES ITSELF.

Each country will no doubt in time be very nearly if not altogether equal to the task of raising its own leaders, it being a first principle with us that each people must work out the regeneration of its own country—that Frenchmen must evangelize France, that Indians must mission India, and the like.



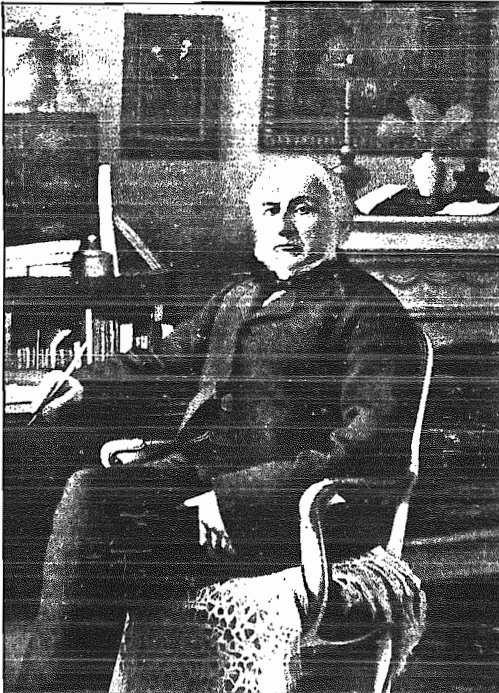
MR. GLADSTONE.

As he is sketched by the celebrated British Artist, Harry Furness.

Mr. Gladstone thought that was a very remarkable evidence of the strength as well as of the vitality of the movement.

## OUR INCOME.

This led to the inquiry as to the number of Officers in the Army altogether. On my stating that we had over 12,000



MR. GLADSTONE IN HIS STUDY.



men and women, separated from the ordinary avocations of life and maintained for leadership, besides an extensive force of unpaid officials, he was not a little moved and impressed, and his practical mind at once leaped to the inference to which he gave expression by remarking that a large amount of money must be required to keep so extensive an agency in a state of efficiency.

#### MR. GLADSTONE AS A TALKER.

Other things passed in brief review. Mr. Gladstone is as rapid as he is a forcible and interesting talker. He scarcely paused for a moment in his friendly cross examination, every question bearing directly and intelligently either on some of our principles of action, some leading method, or some important aspect of the results that follow. There was not a wasted word. There was not a vestige of that connected method of interrogation which is intended to assert the superiority of the interrogator and to mark his condescension in being willing to rectify the information one has to convey. Nor was there a hint of that impertinence which is so common in the manner of some men when dealing with persons to whom they are not "emotional religion." Nothing could have been more impressive or more charming than the quiet dignity and the thoughtful gentleness, and yet the lightning penetration with which Mr. Gladstone discussed with me the Salvation Army, its system, its peculiarities, its principles, its future, that afternoon.

#### THE ARMY ON THE CONTINENT.

I forgot what led up to it, but about this time he inquired as to the attitude of the Continental Governments towards our work, particularly in Sweden. I said that on the whole they were friendly, remarking by way of illustration that on my last visit to Scandinavia, in the summer of 1896, the Crown Prince of Denmark, who happened to be travelling in the same steamer with me, had taken occasion to assure me of the admiration with which he and his family regarded the operations of the Army, adding that he followed my travels up and down the world with interest, and at the same time expressing his best wishes for our success.

"But," said Mr. Gladstone, "did you see the Princess?"

I said, "No, the Prince alone."

"Well," he added, "from the conversation I had with the Prince, I feel sure the Princess would greatly sympathize with your work."

Here was an evidence of the appreciation of our work by the Danish authorities. I mentioned the fact that I had been allowed to hold, on two successive visits to Copenhagen, the King's Gardens, the gates being closed to the public for a season, in order that entrance money might be taken for the benefit of our work among the Danes.

"Indeed," Mr. Gladstone remarked, "but that was in Denmark; tell me what is the attitude of the authorities of Sweden towards you?"

I told him of the perfect liberty now accorded to us in our meeting places and the growing freedom in the direction of the open-air work manifested in some towns by permission to give a public reception, at which it was customary to have between one and twenty thousand persons were present.

"But was there any persecution?" he asked.

"There is no persecution in Sweden now," I replied. There had been in the early days of our work there, as many as ten of our Officers in prison at the same time, action being taken against us under some obsolete statutes.

The King intervened, ordering the liberation of the captives and vetoing any further prosecutions.

"This," he said, "is very interesting. The Government, then, is friendly now?"

I assented, and in illustration gave him the fact that there was an annual subsidy paid to our Social Work by the City of Stockholm Council, and that a fine building with baths, etc., just erected by the city authorities, had been handed over by them to our people free of rent, adding that one of the princes had for a long time provided a slight gratuity to every poor fellow who came to our shelter in that city, enabling us therewith to supply a little extra food.

Then we talked of other countries. Mr. Gladstone's sympathies are wide as the seas, and no difference of race or language seems to abate his interest in the problems of all nations. When I referred to Italy he was full of inquiry in a moment.

"What did I think of the condition of religion in the Waldensian valleys? How far had we been able to influence the Italian peasant? What common ground was there between us and the populations of the cities of Northern Italy?"

And this led us to the general question of the state and prospects of spiritual religion. Perhaps I ought not to say that I was surprised to find how largely I was able to associate myself with the careful and important distinctions made

by Mr. Gladstone in his words on this subject; if not surprised, I was certainly unexpectedly gratified.

"What Continental country, General, do you think compares most favorably in this respect?"

I felt it a difficult question to answer, and I said so. So far as the Protestant churches are concerned, I thought there was good work in progress in some parts of Holland; otherwise I was afraid that Protestantism, as a rule, was very broad, very cold and laudible, and so far as practical godliness could be estimated, one country did not appear to me to have much preference over another.

#### ROMAN CATHOLICISM AND THE ARMY.

"Is not Romanism making progress in Holland?"

"Yes," I said, "There are, I believe, some advances in that direction."

"Had we experienced any considerable measure of opposition from the Church in what might be termed Catholic countries?"

I replied that while many priests watched our movements and set a careful guard on those of their people who might be influenced by us some of the more philanthropic among the clergy had manifested much interest in my Social Work, and in some cases had expressed their warm sympathy to me and in other ways. And I could hardly say, either on the Continent or elsewhere, that we had suffered more actual opposition from the Catholic than we had done from the Protestant clergy.

"But with reference to the common people, tell me, having regard to the extent of your operations amongst them, have you any success amongst the Catholic population?"

"Yes," I explained, "many attend our services, and they are often found at our penitential forms."

Mr. Gladstone appeared to understand, and he spoke with seriousness of this method of confessing Christ in our services.

"But what becomes of those Catholics who come to the penitential form?"

I replied that while some become soldiers in our ranks, it was quite a common thing for others, while regularly coming to our services, to continue at the same time their attendance at their own church, and to assure us, with evident sincerity, that they were striving to live better and nobler lives.

"They come to your penitential-forms and then go to confession?"

I replied, "Yes."

"But how do they regard you?"

I remarked that it was not unusual for the more thoughtful and devout amongst them to tell us that we ought to be Catholics. They considered us, I thought, to have much in common with Francis of Assisi and Augustine Guyon and the mystic class of religionists.

"Yes," he said, "I see."

And in other cases I had little doubt that our desperate methods had called to the true practice of their faith some who had lapsed into open profligacy or practical unbelief.

#### EXPERIMENTAL RELIGION.

The conversation then passed on to the importance attached by the Army to the experimental aspect of religion. I remarked that we looked upon all men as being either right or wrong in their relations to God and the eternal world, and that when our people came across a man the question involuntarily arose in their hearts, often coming to their lips, "Is this man a Christian?" And if not, by the mercy of God, why cannot that great work be done at once? What does hinder? Here is an opportunity. "Now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation."

And here I said that we are more at home, and often more successful in this



THE GENERAL.—From a portrait taken in 1892.

kind of dealing with the ignorant and the poor, than with those who are better educated and in more comfortable circumstances of life.

Here Mr. Gladstone made some very interesting and thoughtful observations, which sounded like spoken reflections on truth that already had long possession of his mind, concerning the illiterate and uneducated condition of the poor being mentally favorable to that simple obedience to the truth necessary to salvation. I cannot call up the words he used; I am not sure that if I could I should repeat them, but they brought vividly to mind the teaching of two thousand years ago, that it was harder for a rich man—that is, a man with a superabundance of either wealth or intellect or education—to enter the Kingdom of Heaven than for the man who, as this world goes, is so much less favorably circumstanced.

#### SELF-DENIAL.

As to the sacrifices which Salvationism required, he again spoke, with every mark of established conviction, as to the danger which modern Christianity is exposed from the opposing influences of the world: saying that the affluence, the tastes, the habits and the examples of the age were among the most deadly enemies with which religion has to contend.

"Yes," I said, "I had found it not uncommon for those making a profession of religion to talk of sacrifice and zeal, of Christ and the salvation of men, while at the same time living lives of luxury and ease, and proving how far there could be religious belief of the most serious character which was little more than a sentiment, totally divorced from the practice of the very self-denial it required and enjoined."

"Ah," he replied, with evident feeling, and looking away into the distance, "there is nothing, I fear, easier of acquisition than the aspirations of the language of devotion while living a life the opposite of all that they imply."

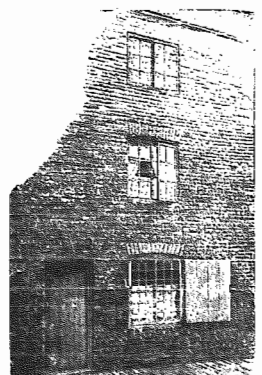
I think it was here that the regulation prohibiting any Salvation Soldier from using intoxicating liquor was referred to. Of this Mr. Gladstone appeared to be aware, but on my adding that while there was no positive rule to that effect, our people, almost to a man, were also abstainers from the use of tobacco, he was much interested, and on my telling him, further, that we lost a large number of soldiers in consequence, the smoking habit appearing to be more difficult to break away from than the drinking habit, he remarked, "But you say that this prohibition is not an absolute rule?"

"No," I said, "it is not, but our people have gone ahead of us in the condemnation of the usage, and have come to think very poorly of any one who indulges in it, so that those addicted to it generally abandon the practice or forsake us."

I described the struggles of a backslider on the previous Saturday night at Kington, held back, doubtless, by influence the indulgence had gained over him from seeking the reconciliation with God that he desired; how he at last yielded, went out to the penitential form, and then, without being asked to do so, threw down his tobacco box and pipes, and then accepted Jesus Christ for the healing of his backslidings.

Unfortunately, my A. D. C., whom I had left behind in the drawing-room, had informed Mrs. Drew that I had not properly finished, leading at once to a kindly arrangement in this direction, and to my being summoned from "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" to that mundane business. This summons I had again and again to waive off, once remarking that my meat and drink was just then in that particular function. Still, this interruption and the consciousness of the approaching departure of the train by which I had arranged to leave, all tended to a feeling of hurry which interfered with the consecutiveness of the conversation, so far as I was concerned, and all leading up to those regrets with which we are all so familiar, after such opportunities are closed, "Why did I not ask that particular question? or why did I not in a different manner make that reply?"

[The conclusion of this very interesting interview will appear next week.]



The house in Nottingham, on a chair, at the door of which, the General at the age of fourteen, gave his first salvation address in the open-air.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

As a young man (1835).

## GAZETTE.

## PROMOTIONS—

ENSIGN STANYON, of the Kingston District, to be Adjutant.  
CAPTAIN MCKENZIE, of Galt, to be Ensign.  
CAPTAIN THOMAS, of Brandon, to be Ensign.  
CAPTAIN PLETCHER, of "the Light-houses," to be Ensign.  
LIEUTENANT NYLAND, of Perth, to be Captain at Peregrine Corps.  
LIEUTENANT MICHEL, of Kemptville, to be Captain at Armpier Corps.  
LIEUTENANT FRENCH, of Ottawa, to be Captain.  
LIEUTENANT BAXTER, of James-town, to be Captain.  
CADET GATZKE, of Ingersoll, to be Lieutenant.

## APPOINTMENTS—

ADJUTANT HUGHES, Barrie District.  
ADJUTANT MITCHELL, Cobourg District.  
ADJUTANT AYRE, Nelson Corps.  
ADJUTANT EDGEcombe, Great Falls Corps.  
ADJUTANT McDONALD, Special Agent.  
ENSIGN SCORELL, G. B. M. Agent, Central Ontario Province.  
ENSIGN WIGGINS, Special Work.  
ENSIGN TILLEY, Perth Corps.  
ENSIGN PHERS, Barre, Vt.  
ENSIGN SMITH, Devil's Lake Corps.  
EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Commissioner.

make a concentrated and supreme stroke for God and His cause in the City that shall tell for all time to come. Shall we? Let the Toronto Officers and Soldiers reply.

## Self-Denial Thanksgiving War Cry.

Our next issue will be of surpassing interest to every person who has had any hand in the mighty triumph accomplished in the Self-Denial effort of '26. We are not going to divulge secrets here, but if we are not mistaken, quite a number of people will feel like having a shake-hands all round, when they see what has been done, and inviting the creation generally to join in an extra loud doxology of praise to our God, Who "gives us the victory again and again." The front page will represent the modern warship Self-Denial steaming into port. There will also be other interesting matter on the pictorial line as well as a special contribution from the Field Commissioner, another from the Chief Secretary, and a synopsis of the work in each Province from each Provincial Officer. We regret very much we haven't fifty pages in the Cry to do something like justice to the noble and God-like efforts that have been put forth by all concerned, from the rank and file upward.

with the purpose of the meeting, was the unusually large amount of space devoted to their reports of the meeting by the three great morning papers of Toronto. The "Globe" report made over two columns, the "Mail and Empire" over a column, and the "World" gave about three-quarters of a column.

"Of course," said an editor in a jocular mood, recently, "we cannot make a War Cry of the paper!" and we would reply we do not plead guilty to desiring this at present; nevertheless, we do appreciate the courtesy, both of the papers named in this connection, and of the many others which willingly and frequently open their columns to furthering Army interests and purposes.

## Our Contemporaries.

The special Christmas issues of the official gazettes of the Army in the various territories, which have reached us, are all marvels of cheap, good and attractive papers for the people. As usual, the reading matter in the English issues is excellent, but they are somewhat handicapped by the mechanical side of the work. The New York and Pacific Coast Crays were real Americans, full of color and brightness. If one could give extra praise where so much is excellent, we think it would be awarded to that plucky Pacific Coast, with its splendid lithographed cover.

Soldier Sergeant or helper should immediately procure a copy of the Company Manual, if they have not already done so. The Company Manual contains summary of both Junior Soldier and Band of Love regulations, in addition to the lessons.

The new Commanding Officers and District Officers report forms are now ready. Every Corps and District will use the new form.

These forms will be considerably cheaper than the old ones, although they will have more spaces for reporting, containing as they do on the one form both Junior Soldier and Senior figures for the information of the Provincial Officer.

Ensign Patterson, of the Victoria Shelter, has been having rather a busy time of it lately, no less than four of his helpers taken sick at one time, and made things pretty heavy. God bless and speedily restore the sick ones!

The Commissioner has decided that the Junior Soldier Annual shall take place the third week in April. Fuller particulars later on.

The Staff Band gave "Old Richmond Street Never-give-us" a Musical Festival. Major Gaskin led, and we had a real good time. The band played excellently. The solos went well. The Striped Trio, charmed! The testimonies blessed, the whole affair was all O. K., and no mistake. Ensign Cameron, the Commanding Officer, bravely fought on, and having victory! The "Go" brought in some dollars for a gas bill, and the people gave a collection for the Band fund.

The Toronto Shelter is on the move. Captain Fletcher, the Officer in charge, will in future be known as Ensign! The institution is doing well under his industrious management.

## WAR CRY

## The Mighty Meeting at Massey Hall.

Toronto, in the person of its popular Mayor, its leading divines, and nearly 5,000 of its citizens, joined hands with the Army on the night of January 15th to help shoulder the burden of responsibility resting upon the sympathetic and heroic heart of the Field Commissioner, who voluntarily undertook to provide for the Armenian refugees who came to this country under Salvation Army auspices. The Ministers and Mayor, as well as the people, were heartily in their enthusiasm and liberal in their financial responses, proving that the Army has the love, sympathy and respect of all classes in Toronto in its soul and body-blessing work. Judging by the sympathy evidenced, the Commissioner did the right thing in standing sponsor for the Armenians, which fact is encouraging, considering that another ten are daily expected at Halifax.

## This Refers to Toronto.

On the authority of Colonel Jacobs, our Chief Secretary, as well as many others, the Massey Hall meeting was the biggest indoor demonstration we have had in our history here, and in view of that fact we wish to draw the attention of our Officers and Soldiers to the lessons of the hour, viz., that we have, or can have, the ear of the public, to no great or greater extent than ever before. If this be so, our opportunities to do the work of God in Toronto are largely increased and our responsibilities are proportionately greater.

If we are the Soldiers we say we are we shall not allow an offered advantage to be missed, nor omit adopting any tactic which will help the advance of our "Thin Red Line," especially must this be the case with those Officers who are more directly responsible for the work here. If we do not make the most of this advantage, we are short of the ideal Salvationist spirit. The Field Commissioner will be heading the line of battle in Toronto soon. We have ample evidence that the citizens of Toronto want to hear our Commissioner, and we think that now, above all, is our opportunity to



MAYOR E. J. FLEMING, of Toronto.

Recently elected to the Mayorial chair for the fourth time. Chairman at the Commissioner's Massey Hall Meeting.

## The Army Exhibition at Spokane.

We gather from the "Spokesman Review" and the "Chronicle" that the Exhibition Major Friedrich held out West was a booming success. Such an event should not be passed by without some commendation in our Editorial columns for the enterprise and industry displayed in getting up and carrying through so big an undertaking. It is surprising how much misunderstanding still exists in the mind of the public with respect to the aims and objects of the Salvation Army. They are apt to conclude that the whole compass of its work consists in a street corner open-air scene. Such exhibitions as the one recently held at Spokane attract very many who would never attend our ordinary religious services, and educate, at least, to some extent, every person who sees what is exhibited.

## The Toronto Press.

A pleasing circumstance in connection with the Massey Hall meeting, and one which is an indication of public sympathy

## JOTTINGS

By the General Secretary.

The New Year found us renewing our conversation vows with the League Street Comrades. We had a soul-inspiring time. Several came to the Massey Seat.

Ensign Burrows, the East Ontario Junior Soldier Secretary, called at Headquarters, and had a chat on the children's work in his Province. He speaks most hopefully for the future. By the way he informs me that forty Band of Love members were recently enrolled at Peterboro.

Staff-Captain Minnie, the Toronto City District Officer, is going around the Corps in his District, getting the Junior Soldier work on proper regulation lines. This is sure to produce good results.

The Musical Drill practice at the Temple was a success. A large number of children turned up and they did very creditably.

Every Commanding Officer and Junior

## A Smash at Fredericton.

Welcome to Major Pugmire—Twenty-Six Souls—Thirty-Two Dollars—Great Excitement.

(By telegraph).

Eastern Province gigantic welcome meetings to Major Pugmire at Fredericton. Great excitement; crowded Baracks. Twenty-six at Cross; thirty-two dollars. Ensign and Mrs. Edwards leading troops on to victory.

STAFF-CAPTAIN GAGE.

## EASTERN PROVINCE.

First Officers' Councils by Major and Mrs. Pugmire, E.O's.

Staff Council attended by between twenty and thirty Staff; most remarkable time; wonderful spirit of unity. All points brought before Staff were received with open arms. The new Provincial Officers, Major and Mrs. Pugmire, received enthusiastically. Public meetings stirring times. Thirteen for Salvation, Staff returning to their posts of duty inspired and helped. Look out for victory. Reports to follow.

STAFF-CAPTAIN GAGE.

## Mrs. Major Read's Send-off

At Liegar St., Corps—Powerful Times and Two Souls.

Mrs. Major Read farewelled before going on her Western tour. She conducted a great, powerful meeting Sunday night. You could see conviction stamped on the people's countenance, but only two came out and got washed in the Blood of the Lord. Brother McFarland aided, "God be with you till we meet again!" with powerful effect. The Band also rendered a beautiful selection. Corps doing well. Amen!—Brother McFarland.

## NEWPORT, V.I.

The war is still going on in Newport, but not without some desperate conflicts with the enemy of our souls. On Thursday the 7th we had a welcome meeting for our new Officers, and we had a glorious time, and deep conviction rested on the hearts of the people. We are looking forward with faith when we will see a big smash in the ranks of the enemy. The Sunday meetings were of power and those to those present. Standing room was at a premium—John Miller.

# ARMENIAN DEMONSTRATION

## MISS BOOTH

Pleads the Cause of the Wronged and Oppressed.

Toronto's Mightiest Meeting. ∴ The Massey Hall Corged.

## THE MAYOR IN THE CHAIR.

The Leading Ministers and Many Notable Citizens Present—Unparalleled Interest and Sympathy Aroused—The Talk of the City—Nearly 5,000 People and \$500.

**T**HAT great Massey Hall was thronged from floor to ceiling. Car-load after car-load disgorged its living freight at the entrance till it seemed as if all roads led to the Massey.

"It is the talk of the city," said one of the most cautious the day after. And no one who had any opportunity of testing the chief topic of conversation would condemn his remark as gross exaggeration.

The 15th will long be remembered as the date of one of the most remarkable gatherings ever witnessed in the Queen City. The invitation given by the Salvation Army to see and hear those who had actually witnessed and escaped Armenian horrors was an interest which seemed largely to have

### Taken Possession of Toronto.

To nearly 5,000 such a chance proved irresistible, and the reports taken away by that 5,000 have probably made a thousand more wish that they had been amongst the number.

There was no need to ask the way to the Massey Hall that night. Crowds of eager, hurrying people pointed a path down most streets towards its wide entrance doors. "What time do the doors open?" was asked. Many beside the lady questioner must have made opening time their mark, for by 7 o'clock there were hundreds waiting in the streets. During the next hour there was a steady stream

of people passing through the various entrances, and by the hour at which the meeting was to commence, the magnificent building was

### Thronged from Floor to Ceiling.

The Massey Hall is considered the finest in Canada, but proved none too large for the vast crowd.

If buildings are never seen to better advantage than when crammed to the roof, then the Massey must never have looked more beautiful than on that Friday night, when thousands filled its every seat in area, balcony and gallery and packed the aisles and entrance ways. The people who composed the crowd were widely representative, and confined to no one class or creed. The occasion of the evening which had brought them together held them equally interested.

But if the audience was distinctive, what can be said about the platform. Its sloping heights were adorned with Officers and Soldiers, and the Headquarters Staff Band, which latter provided music during the long minutes in which the earlier comers contentedly waited. But the front rows presented a unique appearance.

### All the Leading Ministers of the City,

with many of the most notable citizens, were there—the black attires of the reverend gentlemen being thrown into strong relief by the red of the Salvation regalia behind. The presence of these ministers involved most likely the setting aside of other engagements, and made it, therefore, the most valuable. Indeed, we fancy that they were not the only ones who had sacrificed other claims for this meeting. We heard of one society which went as far as to postpone a meeting of its own altogether in order that its members should be present.

When the twenty-four Armenians took their places in the seats which had been reserved for them, a spontaneous burst of applause greeted them. All through the audience manifested a warm feeling

of friendliness towards the refugees and an appreciation of the Army's activity which had brought them into their midst, which was somewhat voiced by the minister who said that of all the good work which the Salvation Army had been identified with, he thought this was the best.

There was great interest and some excitement manifested when the Field Commissioner entered with the Mayor, who presided, and the little Armenian child.

### Necks were Craned,

and some whispered questions indulged in as to whether that tall lady was really Miss Booth. The welcome which the Commissioner received told something of the warmth which so many in that vast crowd feel towards our leader in the city in which of all her territory she is naturally known the best.

Numbers in that vast crowd were evidently strangers to our meetings, and listened curiously, albeit impressed as the rousing opening war-song, and then the fervent prayer were sung and prayed in true Army style.

Mayor Fleming, who was loudly applauded, said that a few months ago the civilized world was aroused to indignation and melted with sympathy because of the terrible outrages that were being perpetrated upon the Armenians. Because of the sympathy of the Salvation Army and the interest which it had taken in the afflicted Armenians, this great meeting had assembled to listen to the statements of those who had escaped a horrible death.

Then followed those statements—plain and unvarnished testimonies of persecutions and unvarnished testimonies, the horror of which those who spoke had agonized witnesses. For the next three-quarters of an hour the great crowd were transported to the scenes of those frightful butcheries and inhuman torture. As they heard of the dark deeds which had been committed, they burned with indignation; as they listened to stories of Jewish cruelty

### They Shuddered with Horror and Sympathy.

"I do believe, I will believe." Strong bass voices, with a quaint rugged accent that made the old English chorus fall with new fervor upon the hearts of the crowd. Perhaps some read behind the singing of the little Armenian choir the price which thousands of their countrymen had been called upon to pay for a faith that refused to let go the Christ of Calvary for Islam and earthly safety and prosperity. Tremendous applause not only accompanied the singing, but demanded a repetition.

One of the most touching of the experiences was given by a woman. Her graceful figure stopped as with the weight of former sorrows, and her downcast face was full of deepest sadness. Her words were few, but

ful share which she had had in the bereavements of that awful time out deep.

Then the interpreter, who has translated the testimonies of his comrades with fluency and intelligence, told the story of another who was not present. In this incident occurred one of those many occasions upon which the Armenians were offered life and protection if they would deny their Christian religion, which only called for the noble stand which was maintained under such strong temptation and in face of certain death.

### Outbursts of Heart-Felt Sympathy

greeted such stories as that of the fifty young men and women who marched hand in hand to the river and then threw themselves in, saying, "It is better to drown ourselves than to be butchered by the Turkish sword. Let God avenge our blood upon the Sultan, who has drunk in our blood and is not yet satisfied." After telling the history of an individual massacre which for the ingenious and ghastly features which was practiced upon a widow's only son before her eyes reached a climax of horror, the young Armenian added some information regarding the terrible length of time during which persecution had been working its awful work more or less in his country.

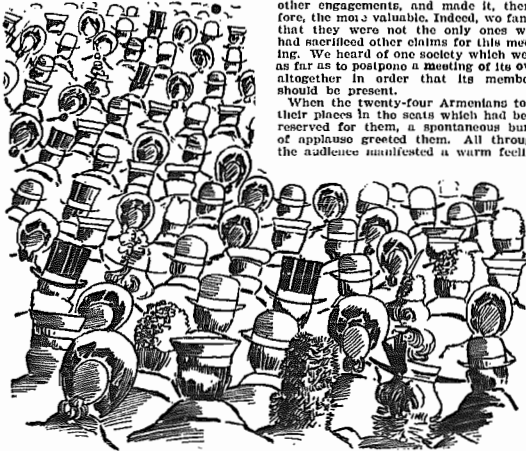
"Let my comrades shed their blood in the cause," he concluded, "and the Lord will avenge us if the Powers will not."

The effect of such a speech was electric and the interpreter sat down amidst cheers and a storm of hand-clapping.

However, there was a fresh outburst of applause as the Field Commissioner came to the front and commenced to sing some singularly appropriate verses to be sung with all tenderness of expression that brought tears to many eyes.

"I don't feel it necessary," she said, "to add any words to the sorrowful experiences already spoken to appeal further to your sympathies. All the same, I am glad of this opportunity which the Lord has given me to raise my voice in the cause of this oppressed and wronged people."

"The few months I have been in Canada have afforded me sufficient knowledge of the character of its people, especially that of the citizens of Toronto, to permit me stating without hesitancy that my spirit is not the only one which has been attracted by the terrible reports of inhuman butchery and cruelty which has reached us from Armenia's land. Being confident, therefore, that there are in this crowd sympathizers akin to my own feelings, I feel at liberty to say that no far as one could bear in one's own heart the wounds, sufferings and atrocities which have been practiced upon these defenceless people, it has been so with me. Never did my tears fall so fast or so hot as now. Never did I find even the least sleep so difficult to induce. Never did my temples so heavily throb with pain inflicted by keen realization of all that concerned me, as when the sorrowing attached to slain husbands, widowed



A Back View of the Crowd Approaching the Massey Hall Entrance.

The Heart-Breaking Story which they told of the personal and aw-

mothers, and the thousands of desolate little orphans, and I cannot help but feel that the Lord has heard and in a measure answered my prayers in allowing me to voice before this vast crowd to-night the claims of this trodden-down people, and practically help this small band upon the platform who represent their nation's woe. The way the Salvation Army has identified itself with these refugees is only customary to its ordinary practices, and needs no explanation from me. As a people, our God-given mission ever bids us hasten to where the field is the thickest strewn ready to lift where the burden rests the heaviest. Our feet swift to run where the need is the greatest. Our spirits eager to stand where the struggle is the fiercest, and share in grief that is the keenest; hence is it to be wondered at that amidst these rivers of blood and tears we find our Flag offering a refuge to the hundreds who have escaped the sword of the Turk. Never was I prouder to be a Salvationist. Never did I more realize the all-absorbing purpose of the organization to which I belong—to triumph over the powers of sin, to heal the broken heart, and to lift the peoples of all nations to God. I might point out that it is not by compulsion that I am found in the ranks of this blood and fire band. No iron rule binds me to my post. Neither am I a Salvationist merely by reason of my training, although no gentler, holier hands ever led from childhood to womanhood than did those God-honored parents who led me. My saintly mother who now stands before His Throne, and my father the General, whose name is revered throughout the world, (at this reference to the Army's mother and the General, there was an outburst of applause, at the conclusion of which the Commissioner continued.) Neither am I a Salvationist merely by birth, although my infant blood was enrolled upon the crest which I expect to wave over me in death, but I am a Salvationist by conviction, by principle, and by choice, and never have I known the blindest of shame to hush my soul, let alone my cheek, at being seen in its ranks. But again and again have my pulses throbbed in admiration, when, while others have halted and questioned, we have rushed to the rescue, ready to fight in the cause of helping, blessing and saving.

"All the way along the line our hands have been stretched out helping these escaped sufferers. At Marseilles, Paris, London, New York, the shining faces of the Salvationists have been the first to greet the sad countenances of these refugees, and, of course, I could not contemplate Canada's being left out in the peculiar blessings which fall not only upon individuals but countries that are to the front in clothing the naked and feeding the hungry, and sharing the sorrows of the oppressed.

"We must help! and help with all our might. It behoves us so to do. They are our brothers and sisters, though estranged by distance and differing in custom and language, and by virtue of that great bond which binds under the one Godhead and Fatherhood the great human family, they have every right to expect our help, and He, in whose cause they have contended, so many of them sealing the conflict with their blood, expects that every follower in His footsteps to render help, for are not to him—who founded the eternal Rock of Ages—all nations as one? His

not the crimson blood from His riven side covered the differences of all people? Hence we stand now in spirit, as we shall by-and-by in reality, one with all nations and kindreds before the Throne. All wrongs will be avenged. Then the meaning of life's mysteries will be clearly spoken, all its perplexing problems solved, all virtues crowned, persecutors and oppressors punished—while those who are oppressed and down-trodden for Jesus' sake will be lifted up to walk the plains of endless light and sing the song of Moses and the Lamb. In that all-important hour, the Judge of all the earth will declare upon whose shoulders the heavy guilt of laxity on the part of the Powers that be who should have stayed these appalling calamities will rest, and upon whose hands the stain of the darker dye of this human blood will be found."

The Commissioner went on to point out the claims which their innocence had upon our aid, how deserving they were, and absolutely merited for had been the cruel treatment they had received. Some alarming details of the 100,000 widows and 200,000 orphans were given, and the Commissioner brought forward the little Armenian child, who is the only survivor out of a party of eight.

Many of the crowd were moved to emotion and tears as our leader, encircling the little one with her arm, told some of her sad story.

It was getting late as Miss Booth finished her powerful and passionate appeal, but the crowd had been too interested to make an attempt to go out. She was constantly greeted by a storm of applause, and every sign of appreciation while she told in quivering voice the anguish suffered on their behalf, and



REV. W. F. WILSON, Trinity Methodist Church.  
Who helped pioneer the big collection in the Massey Meeting.

Army had undertaken for this stricken people. In fact, it was

#### Only After Most of the Lights had been Turned off

that the interested crowd could be induced to leave the building.

The total amount given in gifts and promises reached nearly \$200.

Next morning the meeting was, as our first remark stated, the "talk of the city." The daily press devoted some six columns of its space to long and enthusiastic reports, and in every store and business house the Salvation Army and their Armenian refugees were the interests of the hour. The one word upon the lips of all who were there was, "Wonderful!"

The meeting has shown the Salvation Army in a light which so large a crowd in Toronto have never seen before. "I never knew the Salvation Army was like this," said one lady, who was as taken up with the extraordinary merits of the music and above all the Commissioner's burning words. It would be impossible to estimate the thousands who through the direct and indirect influences of that gathering have come into closer touch and wider interest with the Army and its work.

"The very people in the stores seemed to smile upon us," said one Officer, who had been doing some shopping, "and they all seemed to manifest their kindness towards any Salvationists they came in contact with, while all mentioned

#### That Wonderful Meeting."

"You have another meeting, I believe, on the 15th," said one gentleman, the day after.

"No, sir, the meeting was yesterday, the 14th."

"Oh, I was present at that," was the exclamation, "but surely there's another on the 15th? No? Well, I am disappointed," as it was explained that there was no other. "You could have filled the Massey over again." And judging by the wonderful crowds, interest and enthusiasm which were seen on the 15th, we believe we could have done so. Anyway, for all the sympathy and widespread success which God gave us, we give Him all the glory.

#### A SOLDIER'S SONG

Tunes. Am I a Soldier of the Cross? B. J. 4; Bright Crowns, D. J. 50; Bright for ever more, B. J. 53; Ellis Rheu, B. J. 65.

Am I a Soldier of the Cross—  
A follower of the Lamb?  
And shall I fear to own His cause,  
Or blush to speak His name?

#### Chorus.

At the Cross, at the Cross,  
Where I first saw the light,  
And the burden of my heart rolled away.  
It was there by faith I received my sight,  
And now I am happy all the day.

Are there no foes for me to face,  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend of grace,  
To help me on to God?

Since I must fight if I would reign,  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
Thou hast the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy Word.



REV. E. S. ROWE, Pastor Crawford St. Methodist Church.

the many tears were the most remarkable answer that could have been given. During the taking up of the collection, which naturally followed, the list of names in the meeting was fully sustained. The ministers came nobly to the front with their services, and seemed as interested in the financial help which was given for the refugees as the Salvationists.

"The Mayor proposes that I help the Commissioner," said Rev. Mr. Wilson, coming to the front, and with his genial voice and smile so helping with the reading of the promises that the Commissioner dubbed him "Captain" on the spot.

Dr. Thomas spoke very warmly of the way in which the Salvation Army has added this noble undertaking to their usual efforts.

The little Armenian girl's song, "Yes, Jesus loves me," went to the hearts of all who heard her, and the Rev. E. S. Rowe, in speaking afterwards, said that he considered it was worth \$200 alone that the little songstress had been rescued.

Beside His Worship the Mayor, the following were some of those who were present on the platform:

The Rev. Dr. Thomas, Rev. E. S. Rowe, Rev. W. F. Wilson, Rev. Dr. Chambers, Rev. T. S. Shore, Rev. W. H. Emory, Rev. Mr. Stewart, Rev. W. J. Barkwell, Rev. Wm. Blackstock, Rev. Robert Wallace, and Messrs. Emerson (Crestworth), G. B. Sweetman, and S. C. Higgs, Rev. Dr. Whitrow, Mr. and Mrs. Cavert, Rev. Dr. Parker, Mrs. Butterford, W. C. T. U.

Only a small proportion of the crowd went out before the final benediction and doxology, and numbers thronged round the platform to grasp the hand of the Commissioner, and some of the most prominent Officers, expressing their deep appreciation with the way the Salvation



REV. W. J. BARKWELL, M.A., Pastor Woodgreen Tabernacle, Toronto.

"With the enthusiasm of that glorious meeting in Massey Hall, in aid of the much persecuted Armenians, and Miss Booth's eloquent address, I was much delighted. Yours in the work, W. J. BARKWELL."



### Interesting Quotes from Press and Officers on the Special Issue.

The above quotations pretty fairly show the feeling of the Army world towards the special issue, but the comment from the press is equally as striking.

What is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and what is done for God ought to be the very best that we can do, and we cannot but admit that having worked pretty industriously over the special issue, we are very pleased to know that it has been so acceptable. As we have before remarked, it's a joint production, having required the hearty co-operation of many of the commissioners, to Ed, the printer's boy, and the following our acknowledgments to one and all, we promise to try and go one better next time.

**COUNCILS**  
BY  
**BRIGADIER MARGETTS**  
At London and Chatham.

**Extraordinary Manifestations of the  
Holy Ghost—Twenty-Three Souls  
at the Cross.**

of 1897.  
The third Council was for Solihull and Officers. From the beginning it was evident we were going to have a good time. There was not a hitch. The Brigadier General spoke on "Passion for souls." The Holy Ghost fell upon him and the audience was gripped; there flowed from many tongues words and music that were new to them. It took a long time since we had had a powerful meeting. Some danced, some shouted, some got filled up with Glory and ran round the building, and it was a glorious wind-up to these Councils. The public meetings at London were good too. The last of the Night Service was good beyond expression. The choir sang high row at the back of the hall, which for a time spoiled the feeling. Four souls

## THE SERAPHATICS.

**Four Months' Campaign Inaugurated—A  
Rare Old Smash—13 Souls \$25  
Collection.**

I have just spent a week-end at Ingersoll in company with the Seraphatic Band. We had a wonderful time. Barracks packed to excess. Over \$25.00 collection and thirteen souls. To God be the glory! This was the initiation meetings for the Seraphatics prior to a four months' trip. Wound up between 12 and 1 midnight, all dancing happy.

W. J. Turner.

## Hamilton Social Notes.

I would like to give the information through the War Cry to its many readers that since the opening of the Hamilton Poor Man's Shelter, a good work is being done. Already four or five have professed conversion, and are doing grandly. The Shelter is being patronized, and many are the need. Most everyone has some tale of disappointment. We are coming quite in touch with the aims of the benighted and the wicked, and have that a prosperous future awaits the work in Hamilton. I know many will be its priviledges. We have had little or no trouble with the men so far.

*Sam - Porter.*

Thus speaks a Correspondent.—Don't be afraid to say what you like to me. I glory in hitting the devil, no matter in whom, or where I find him, and I invite inspection, investigation, and dealing with.



God has to make invalids of some men to get them to read their Bible and think about their souls.

Christ needs your lips as well as your

In doing service for God, we must learn to leave with Him the responsibility for results.

## Salvation Army Exhibition

**AT SPOKANE.**

## The Army in Miniature.

Our ever-resourceful Comrade, Major Friedrich, the Army's Chief Officer out West, has been doing on a small scale out Spokane what the great London Exhibition did last year on a large scale. He has had the Salvation Army in matured form on exhibition, and has undoubtedly been successful in creating much more interest in the Army and bringing home to the minds of the people the true purposes of the Army. The Press was very favorable to the Exhibition, devoting considerable space to descriptions of what took place. The "Spokesman Review" speaks thus:

## THE SALVATION ARMY EXHIBITION.

Opened Yesterday for Inspection to  
the Public.

THE MOST COMPLETE EXHIBITION OF WORK ACCOMPLISHED BY ANY CHURCH ORGANIZATION IS THAT NOW BEING PRESENTED BY THE CHURCH OF CHRIST IN THE AUDITORIUM BUILDING. When one enters into consideration that this movement is yet young, they must stand in amazement to see the work that has been accomplished. The work of the civilized land in the world. The Exhibition shows the practical workings of the various branches of the work. They are first represented in the exhibition of stormy sea, the water of which is marked by the statistics of the various classes of criminals. On the shore, against which beat the waves of the world, is the Salvation Army, which rescues them from misery. The next step is the Prison Gate Home, which shows the doors of the State Penitentiary opening to the world. It illustrates how the prisoner, when discharged, is taken in charge by the Salvation Army and placed in the Home, where he can go down to look for work. Then comes the social club, where the man here the social club can seek a place to rest and to be furnished work and a place to go to get along in the world. The next is the

Leptot where men with families suddenly are thrown out of work can find employment in the saloons and the food and clothing are sold at a cheap price. It is the policy of the Salvation Army to be able to furnish food for the kind in Spokane soon. The next is the Salubrious and the third is the one who have neither trade or profession are unable to work picking up bags and refuse and the fourth is the Salubrious and the fifth is the Salubrious. The Park Colony is neatly pictured and represented, showing where the different branches of work taken up by the different branches of the Army. There is a face simile of the Spokane Rescue Home and in another booth a lot of work done by the Army. The Army is now making this the first of the Army and in the saloon and the drunkards are there before and after conversion. The Army is doing a great deal of work and decorations was done by members of the Army, and is certainly worthy of a visit to one of the rooms tables are arranged in a rustic manner, where dinner is being

In an interview Major Friedrich said: "We have sent out fully one hundred and fifty dinners, many of them containing sufficient food for a bountiful dinner for eight or nine persons, consisting of cooked poultry, meats, vegetables, peas, and where there were children, boxes of candy. Besides these meals which we sent out, we have supplied a number of families who brought baskets, with food to gladden their Christmas day."

The "Chronicle" speaks thus in its editorial columns:

**Trojan Columns:** This strange organization has done a great work in America and is moving on to greater things. There is less snobbery in Spokane than in almost any other American city; yet even here the work of helping those in the lower walks of life to go up higher seems to be left entirely to the Army and to a few brave souls who are generally outside of the richest religious societies. It is said that pride of soul there can be as much as pride of soul anywhere. The Salvation Institute's blue bonnet was under the blunders of thousands of the fashionable whorshipper lately. It be added that there is usually better reason for pride in the former case.

IT WILL BE NOTICED that the picture of some of the Local Officers who took part in the Commissioner's "At Home" are in civilian attire. In justice to our Comrades, who are proper Salvationists, and uniform wearers, we ought to explain that the photographs were taken in two or three instances, taken before the individuals represented were Salvationists.

We are still on the war-path here, fighting against sin and the devil. Praise God! We had a good day yesterday (Sunday.) In the evening we had a grand time; good crowd. Ensign enrolled five recruits. May they ever keep true to God and their vows.—A. Brown, Reg. Cor.



By MAJOR J. READ.

Campbellton, N. B., did gloriously well for the quarter ending December 25th, '95, raising no less than \$11.35. Well done, Campbellton Agent, Miss J. Smith, and God bless the renowned Smith family.

## The News in Brief.

William Palmer, Fred Palmer, Mrs. Bundy, Mrs. Jarvis, all of London; Emma Dennis, Slater Urro, of Guelph; Bro. Westley, Berlin; Miss Adams, Oshawa; Hattie Young, Brockville; Miss D. Oltie, Wapington; all these persons have been recently duly appointed as Local Agents for this God-honored scheme. Brother Drayman, of St. Kitts, writes to say he has twelve additional boxes out in good hands.—Geo. Parker, of Sudbury, is writing for literature. He has now 31 out.—Daisy Bond, of Winnipeg, is doing the best she can to help the work along.—Ensign Perry's special Lantern Poster is certainly a good hit. Thank God the Ensign's eyes are much better.—David McKay and Mrs. Kenney, the Agents for Stellarton and Yarmouth, respectively, have written nice letters. They are both going at their work with a will.—The P.A.'s have been supplied with brand new Provincial Rolls.—Captain Sims uses a paper-writer. Montreal's total is \$10 over last quarter's. An agent for the Band and J. S. have been appointed. Fifty more boxes sent to L. A. W. Ross.—S. F. Holt, of New Westminster, B. C., is getting out more than 100 boxes. Of Cobocook, is believing for better times in the future.—"I am much interested in the Light Brigade advances," writes Lizzie Colquhoun, of Clark's Harbor.—"I only wish I had more time to spend with my box-holders, and in getting out other boxes. It is a good work," so writes Brother Felix, of St. John's, N. B., of Charlottetown, collected \$18 herself out of the quarter's total of \$25.—Little Charlie Orphan had 78c. in his box. He is so unselfish. Rubina Cline, of Galt, is also a G. B. M. Boomer, so persistent.—Ensign Barr has started the work in Nelson, B. C.—Montreal's net \$10.41; Montreal H., \$4.70; Rescue Home, F.; French Corps, \$4.40 last quarter. Good!—Spring Hill Mines has just got \$7.54 at its quarters' opening, and Fugwash \$3.95.

The figures for the quarter ending December 25th, '95, have just been made up, and we are extremely happy to report a rise in cash, Local Agents, boxes in use, and in many other ways, the revenue is really progressing.

Captain Andrews will, ere this, have found his footing in the C. O. P. The work, of course, is new to him, but God is with him to help him, and he will accomplish great things. Then what shall we say to cheer the heart of Ensign Scott, of the C. O. P. In all probability he will have additional responsibility in the oversight of Toronto City, which work dear old Adjutant Manton has carried in. Ensign Scott, of Belleville has vast privileges. We hope soon to give some figures regarding last Quarter's results. They will be eye-openers. Look out!

## A HOLINESS SONG.

Tune.—Stella, H. J. E.

Dear Saviour, now I come to Thee,  
My heart to wash, and cleanse and fill;  
Thy full salvation let me see,

Just now Thy Word in me fulfill,  
Show let Thy Spirit brightly shine,  
Till all my powers are lost in Thine.

My all I now surrender, Lord,  
Renouncing every selfish aim,  
Forsaking all without reserve,  
To spend the interests of Thy name.

Henceforth I want Thy power within  
To help me precious souls to win.

Thy service, Lord, I'll never give o'er,  
However hard the work may be;  
Thine art my choice for evermore,  
The only Treasure I can see.

Thy path I'll tread without a fear,  
And gladly in Thy service share.

CAPTAIN JAS. JAMES.  
Herring Rock, Nfld.

## What a Newspaper Says About Him.

The Galt "Reformer" says the following about Adjutant Duwell, of Brantford, who visited Galt a short time ago:

The Adjutant is a welcome visitor to the town. He is always interesting and entertaining, and the meetings are never so well attended as when he is present. He tells the people of their sins, points out the way by which they can obtain pardon and redemption, and his labors are not without results.



—New York "Cry."

## Heaven Bless All Boomers!

## SOME SELLERS GET LEFT.

20 Must be Sold to Get on the Official List—Names of Saloon Visitors Wanted—A Star for These—  
Capt. Ziebart Chapman  
—Captain McIntyre Comes Next.

CAPT. ZIEBARTH, BUTTE.....	296
CAPTAIN MCINTYRE, HALIFAX I. 1.	201
ENS. G. MCKENZIE, GALT.....	150
Mrs. Law, Victoria, B. C. (av. 2).....	140
Sergt. Collins, St. John V.....	135
Capt. Moulton, London.....	130
Lieut. Mumford, London.....	120
Mrs. Moore, Victoria, B. C. (av. 2).....	110
Capt. French, Ottawa.....	110
Capt. P. Day, St. Stephen (av. 2).....	105
Capt. Johnson, Bermuda (av. 2).....	100
Alice Henderson, Ottawa.....	105
Mrs. Medlock, Toronto.....	100
Lieut. Victoria (av. 2).....	100
CAPT. MOFFATT, VANCOUVER, B. C.....	83
Capt. D. Hindy, Spring Hill.....	80
SERG. PHILIPS, LEWISTON, Id.....	76
Fred Bell, Bermuda (av. 2).....	72
Adjt. Des Brisay, Bermuda (av. 2).....	72
Sergt. Law, New Glasgow.....	70
Sergt. Crocker, Stratford.....	68
GEO. DE WOLFE, ST. JOHN V.....	66
Lieut. Clark, Spring Hill.....	65
Capt. Staiger, Nanaimo.....	62
Lieut. Phillips, Victoria.....	60
Mrs. Shaffer, Butte.....	60
Kenneth Duncombe, Bermuda.....	60
ALICE LANGELL, NANAIMO.....	57
Chas. Younger, Great Falls.....	55
Slater Bateman, Stratford.....	53
Ensign Watt, Miles City.....	53
Jennie Bloss, Cornwall.....	52
Nellie Haywood, London.....	50
Capt. Coate, Trenton.....	50
Slater Bulls, London.....	50
Nellie Haywood, London.....	50
Auntie, No. 1, New Glasgow.....	50
Slater Mrs. Tinsell, Vancouver.....	50
SERG. CURNEW, NEW GLASGOW.....	47
Sergt. Julia Brierley, Fargo.....	45
Adjt. Mrs. Creighton, Halifax I.....	44
Eva Ciennessin, Blenheim.....	41
Cadet Thorkildsen, Lewiston.....	40
Capt. Clark, New Glasgow.....	40
Lucey F.....	40
Lieut. Selig, Lunenburg.....	40
James Moore, Halifax I.....	40
Mrs. Judge, Bermuda.....	40
Lieut. Barker, London.....	40
SISTER J. LOVE, SEAFORTH.....	38
Lieut. Hagan, Miles City.....	36
Sis. L. Van Pelt, Fargo.....	35
Lieut. Keeney, Great Falls.....	35
Lieut. M. Winchester, Lunenburg.....	35
Slater Mortimer, Victoria.....	35
Laurie Palmer, Blenheim.....	34
Lieut. Cos. Essex Centre.....	34
Sergt. Armstrong, Seaforth.....	33
Maud Rundle, Butte.....	30
Mrs. Kennell, Butte.....	30
Aminia Smith, Bermuda.....	30
Suola Anderson, Spring Hill.....	29
CAPT. PINNEY, ST. JOHN V.....	29
Capt. Mrs. O'Neill, Brampton.....	28
Sergt. Crane, New Glasgow.....	27
Sergt. M. Fentie, Great Falls.....	26
Mrs. Muntica, Cornwall.....	25
Bro. Douglas, Cornwall.....	25
Capt. G. Allan, Lunenburg.....	25
Fred Palmer, London.....	25
Sergt. Collins, Halifax I.....	25
Lizzie Woolf, Nanaimo.....	21
J. Bowering, Tweed.....	24
Deatrice Smith, Bermuda.....	24
Bro. Pickering, Bermuda.....	24
Mrs. Gregory, St. Stephen (av. 2).....	23

Bro. Stoddart, Vancouver.....	23
Dido Passmore, Blenheim.....	21
Treas. Garrett, Tweed.....	20

## NOTES.

Let every Boomer fully understand that when two, three or four weeks' records come together, we shall always average them. Thus the mark (av. 2) will mean that we have received two weeks' sales for that person and divided them by 2, keep the average, and this is certainly fair. But Officers should be careful to send names every week, and don't delay. Then the week's sales will show alright.

Far better, then, the records send on time and week by week;  
More satisfactory in the end.  
Or things get mixed like Greek.

Let this, then, be definite, or Pry will surely scratch his head. One Officer has actually sent five weeks' sales. Of course we divided them by 5. See above list.

It is our intention in the future to keep this column a little more sacred, and Boomers will consequently have to work harder and hustle more.

THEREFORE DID I ENACTED that from this time forth ONLY the names of those who sell 20 and over will appear in the Competition List proper. All the others will come in at the foot of these Notes. Every chance will be given such to rise out of the mire.

Though feet be sore with selling "Crya," You cannot grace the List,  
Unless you twenty papers sell; now  
This will be the test.

Really, Captain Ziebart, of Butte, means business, 286!!! Look! ye Boomers, but Captain McIntyre is not far behind, and I'm mistaken if there is not a race here, and a good one, too!  
Another star has appeared in the Booming horizon. It is no less a personage than Ensign Grace McKenzie, of Galt. She has entered the lists at 150. Now look out! But Mrs. Law, of Victoria, will keep a sharp look-out, and Sergeant Collins, of St. John V., is not far off. Now things will get exciting indeed!

Captain Moulton and Lieutenant Mumford, of London, are really doing good work; so is Mrs. Moore, of Victoria, so

also Captain French, of Ottawa. Then what shall we say about Bermuda? Ensign Des Brisay and her sales are doing nobly. Alice Henderson, of Ottawa, does thorough work. If the person who records Victoria's Boomers will write the name of the Lieutenant, it will be better.

Well done, Sergeant Phillips, of Lewiston! 75 is not bad! Cannot Lieutenant Miller and George de Wolf have a fight for first place? Alice Langell, of Nanaimo deserves credit selling 57.

Sister Love, of Seaforth fair,  
Thirty-eight she sold;  
With faith and works she'll make us stare.

She's getting very bold.  
Two Cornwall Comrades are on a level.  
This is exciting! Comrades B. Smith and Brother Pickering are neck and neck.

## Now Something New!

What about the Boomers who sell "Crya" in the saloons and hotels? Well, we shall give them a star (\*) as a mark of honor. Will all Boomers send the Editor the names of those who push "Crya" sales in saloons? This will create interest.

"Pry" will also be very glad to get hold of any good incidents in connection with Booming. Just send it on a post-card, and it shall be used in the column. It will all help the sale.

Here is a note from Bermuda:—  
Bermuda cannot and will not be the last in the list.

Freddy Bell is the Champion of the Hamilton Corps, and not only did he work well during the Boom, but praise the Lord, he keeps it up; that is the beauty of our Boomers. Captain Benson is a good Boomer; don't you think so? She keeps very near, if not at the top of the Honor Roll, and small though our numbers be and small the country, yet we carry a good few fighters of the War Cry.

Here is a list of those who failed to sell 20, and consequently did not get into the official List:

Mother Cutting, Essex, 16; Bro. Vallis, Bermuda, 12; Sergt. Lee, Halifax I., 10; Sergt. Arnold, Halifax I., 10; Sister Murray, Halifax I., 14; Sergt. Norfolk, London, 15; Ensign Kerr, Ottawa, 19; Mather, London, Ottawa, 10; Sister Miller, Cornwall, 10; Mrs. Little, Victoria, 5; Brother Whipper, Vancouver, 17; Mrs. Dunmore, Vancouver, 6; Aggie McCann, Stratford, 12; Captain Barker, Stratford, 10; Brother D. Reid, Seaforth, 7; Sister Erskine, Victoria, 10; Ruth Palmer, Blenheim, 12; Stanley Rumble, Blenheim, 10; Father Hind, Bracebridge, 10; Mrs. D. Bracebridge, 20; Jessie Spencer, Bracebridge, 7; Sister Smith, London, 10.

Amen! Amen! we sing and shout,  
Boomers are booming and flying about;  
The devil they're after and mean him to rout.

By selling the dear old "Crya."  
I am,  
Yours obediently,  
"PRY."

## Sorry to Hear That

Peterboro has dropped 40 "Crya."  
Cornwall has dropped 30 "Crya."  
Belleville has dropped 30 "Crya."

BARRE, VERMONT, a new opening.  
orders for a start, 100 "Crya."  
Look out for Provincial, District and Corps Competition soon. It will be exciting, and no mistake.



Old Galt, to Boomers: "Yes, young lady, that Christmas War Cry was grand; you can bring me a War Cry every week."

